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That spread themselves patiently in the air
And in the ground;
In whose branches the birds nest, at whose roots the worms;
That blossom bountifully for the wind
Asking no questions of it.
To whom Death was like an unacknowledged husband,
Whose seed had ripened secretly in her womb,
Whose children were suckled securely at her breasts—
Until he came one day and proved them his.
Who was the grandmother as well
To some grass and flowers and worms
In seven plots,
Scattered across two continents—
And to her boy!

Alter Brody

AFTER STORM

The storm that must have spoiled the apple-bloom,
The rain that kept me housed, the wind that chills
The little birds, the thunder and the gloom,
Return defeated to their far-off hills.
Upon the roof their footsteps pass. A lull
Falls on the noisy weeping of the eaves.
Out is my fire and my book grown dull.

The sun peers out upon the shining leaves.

Louise Redfield